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SEATTLE MEMORIES



HETH SANDERSON REDFIELD



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SEATTLE MEMORIES



CHIEF SEALTH IN 1860

The City of Seattle was named after this Chieftain

SEATTLE MEMORIES

BY

EDITH SANDERSON REDFIELD



BOSTON

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

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SEATTLE MEMORIES

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Dedicated
to
Those who in the years to come
may care.

SEATTLE

'Twas named for Sealth long years ago
By sturdy pioneers who came with slow
And plodding tread to make a home:
This wilderness to claim.

'Twas Sealth who roamed this virgin shore
Suquamish tribal honors wore,
His right to live and leave a race
Of Redmen dwelling in this place.

All, all are gone, the men, tepees
E'en gone the trickling streams, the trees.

* * * * *

Seattle now in pride surveys
Its ports—its buildings—railroads—ways,
Where money comes and money goes;
Whose right supreme? Who cares? Who knows?

E. S. R.

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SEATTLE MEMORIES

CHAPTER I

SEATTLE AS I FOUND IT

We came from Boston, Father, Mother, and I, on an overcrowded steamer—three women and three babies in one stateroom, husbands in another—convoyed by gunboat to Panama, across the Isthmus by railroad, and up the Pacific Coast on another and more comfortable steamer to San Francisco; this in 1865. Again in 1869 on the ship *Marmion*, Capt. Boyd, and two weeks of buffeting the storm.

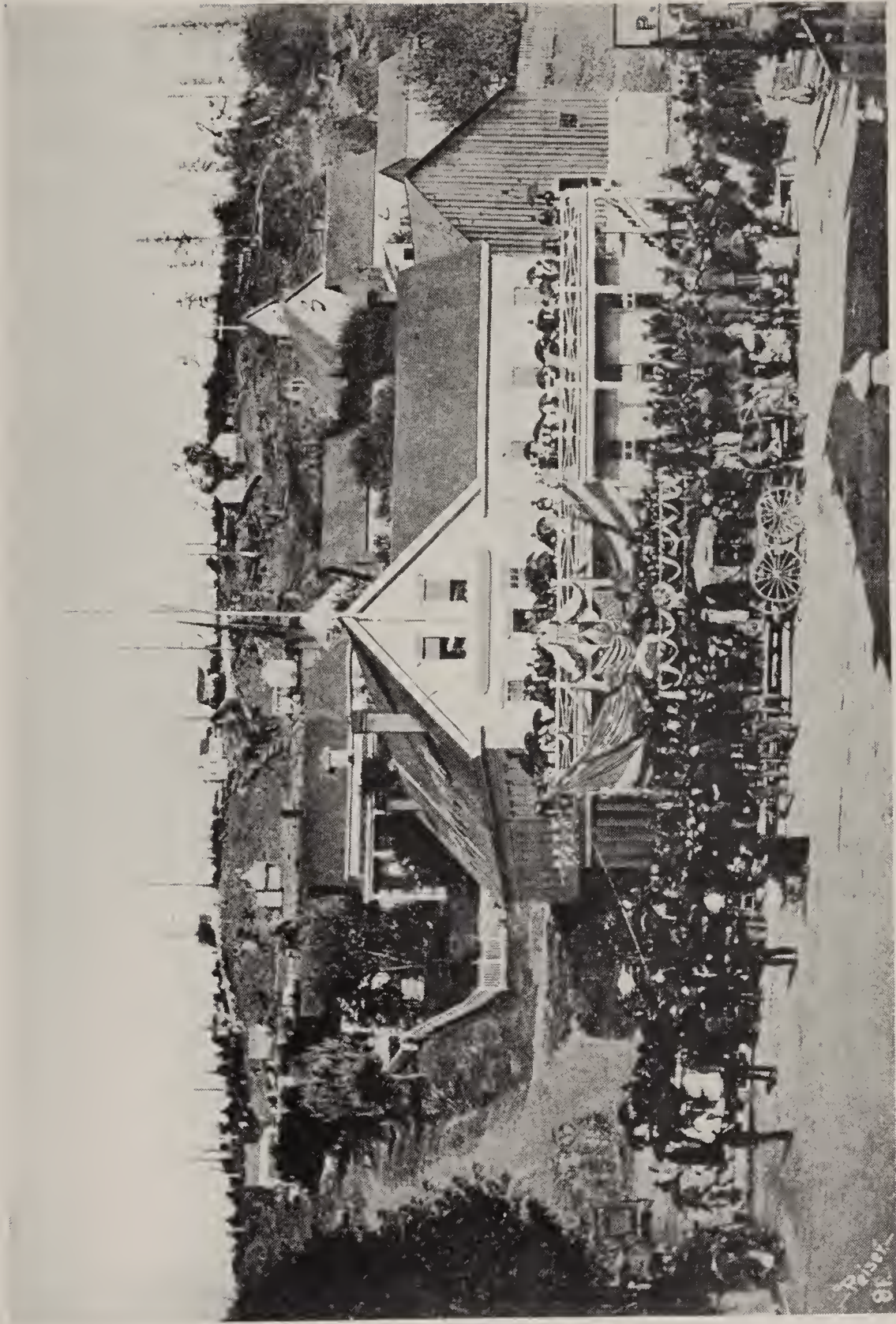
What a peaceful haven inside the Straits of San Juan de Fuca seemed Puget Sound!

The Coast and the Cascade ranges of mountains on either shore of Puget Sound were just as white in January 1869 as to-day; the low, dark fir line and the rippling blue waters made a picture just as inspiring then as now. Mount Rainier to the south, Mount Baker to the north, were there.

As we approached Elliott Bay, before us was the setting for a great city, a few dots of light, a wooded

hillside, one very tall maple-tree, and we were at home.

The village even then was not a place of "rude crudity". There were Yesler's Wharf and Yesler's sawmill, the latter of which gave the name to Mill Street. Up from the wharf on Mill Street were the Post Office, Reinig's bakery, Kellogg's drug store; turning the corner to Commercial Street were Frauenthal's dry goods store and Stone, Hinds & Burnett's general merchandise; farther south lived Dr. Maynard, and on the Point were the homes of the Plummers and the Carkeeks. The village center, larger than the present Pioneer Square, was then dominated by the Occidental Hotel kept by Mr. John Collins. James Street started from this square and was honored by the Yesler home and garden, and up the hill were the Hillory Butler house, the Libby house, and the Terry house, all claiming James Street. Large maples overhung the Yesler sidewalk, and within the fences was a fine garden, with fruit-trees, berry-bushes, and many kinds of flowers. Along the waterfront was Front Street,—later First Street—an unpaved road with wooden sidewalk. Then there were Second, Third, and Fourth Streets, a sprinkling of houses, two churches, and a country road climbing through the wild woods to find Lake Washing-



OCCIDENTAL HOTEL, 1869

ton. Out on First, and to the north from the Mill and Hotel, was the A. A. Denny residence, with white, sharp-gabled roof with fancy scroll-work trimmings; about an acre of land was fenced, and here, in plantation style, with stable and farmhouses, lived Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. Denny and family until the fast-growing city demanded their cow pasture for business building-lots.

David Denny, a brother, settled farther out along the waterfront, as did also Mr. Bell. To reach Belltown, we used to cross a deep ravine on a fallen tree. Denny Way and Bell Street are reminders of their locations.

Even in 1869, a large, square, white building with a portico supported by Ionic columns topped the village hill; footpaths wound in and out beneath the fir-trees where boys and girls, now grown to men and women, had climbed the hill at the call of the University bell. The Territorial University buildings were located upon a ten-acre tract given by Mr. Arthur A. Denny for educational purposes. Nor was this all the earliest people had done. Two spires vied with the tall trees to point the way to higher things: one was white and one was brown, and both were Methodist spires. Rev. Daniel Bagley preached beneath the brown a Protestant Metho-

dist sermon, and Rev. Atwood conducted under the white a Methodist Episcopal service. The Roman Catholics had Father F. X. Prefontaine to lead them. The Presbyterians were organized, but without the proper number to be elders. The Episcopalians had for Rector Rev. P. H. Hyland; the Congregationalists formed a unit and called Rev. John F. Damon. Thus the village of about three hundred souls had two church buildings and six organizations to carry on religious activities. Our first residence was the Libby house, just east of the Occidental Hotel, a wide-verandaed white house, located in an orchard of fine bearing fruit-trees, on James Street; and north on Third were other houses similar in style, where lived the Shoreys and Meydenbauers and the McCarthys. We all went to Mrs. Whitworth's school. On Fourth Street where a vine-covered brick structure of English type stands to-day, the Rainier Club, was the lovely garden of "Auntie Young", as we called her.

There were no carriages, not even a hearse, but two delivery wagons, and a few wood wagons. There were few horses, and each family had its cow. Nothing came to us from across the mountains, the merchandise being brought in irregularly by sailing vessels, save for a

monthly steamer from San Francisco to Victoria. It seems a marvel, in these later days, that there was so much to make life comfortable and happy.

SEATTLE'S DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

One summer evening that first year, Mrs. Yesler came up the hill and told Mother that she had some interesting news for her. Mrs. Yesler was a short, stout little lady, always well dressed; she had bright blue eyes and a kindly smile. "Secretary William Seward is coming in on the steamer from Victoria; he has been north to see Alaska. I want you and Edith to come with me to call upon the party". She had a formal bouquet for me to present to Mr. Seward.

They arrived about nine o'clock; six or seven gentlemen greeted us, and one, quite young, said, "My father is tired and has gone to bed, but for this I must call him".

When Secretary Seward arrived, he seemed much pleased to see us, and in accepting the flowers his manner was gentle and kindly. He showed us the scar on his neck where he had been wounded on the night of Lincoln's assassination.

CHRISTMAS, 1870

I wonder who had calendars in those days. We never lost the routine; we had Fourth of July, Christmas, and New Year's just like Boston folk. Well, this was our first Christmas in Seattle. It was to be celebrated by a community tree,—the place was Yesler's Hall, a room over Kellogg's drug store—on Mill and Commercial Streets. There were festoons of cedar and a wide-spreading fir-tree. How they all worked, arranging pop-corn, cornucopias, colored candles, and flecks of cotton batting, and they lighted the candles, too. Each family brought its gifts, one to the other. The Sunday school children sang, "Glory To God in the Highest", and every one went home laden with what Santa Claus had given him.

HOME-BUILDING

We had felt the charm of the little village and the friendly people, and Father and Mother decided to build them a home. So two lots, sixty by one hundred and twenty feet in size, were purchased on Third and Seneca Streets,—there was a path to the corner, and you will pardon me if I tell you that these lots were purchased from Mr. Carson D. Boren for \$150.00

apiece. We had been paying what the others considered a high rental for the Libby house, \$15.00 per month. Mr. McRedmond built a plastered house—not outside as now, but inside for a finish; the other houses had “cloth and papered walls”,—a five-room, story-and-a-half house. I remember our maple-tree especially,—so tall it was that the Indians called it a landmark,—and probably Sealth, paddling his canoe across the Sound, shaped his course by that same rounded green top. I have seen many Indian canoes landing at the foot of Seneca Street and Madison Street, and many Indian women have brought us “oolalies” and clams and mallard ducks.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH

Before we left the Second and James Street house, there was brought together a group of five persons who adopted the creed and Constitution of the first Congregational Church of San Francisco, and so here, January, 1870, was organized Plymouth Congregational Church. This group were Mr. and Mrs. John H. Sanderson, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Denny, and Mr. George Farley. Rev. John F. Damon was called as pastor, and services were held each week in a new hall called the Pavilion on

First Street near Cherry. This hall served as court house, Convention Hall, and house of amusement. On week days the floor was covered with sawdust, which was swept up for Sunday service, benches served as pews, and on Sunday when the congregation sat on benches, straight and unsupported, Mr. Damon announced, "To-day, you have seats without backs. Next Sunday, we hope to have backs without seats".

Mrs. Russell made music from that little foot-pumped organ, and Mrs. David Kellogg and Mrs. Hemenway, Mr. C. R. Lord, and Mr. O'Brien rendered hymns and voluntaries which were greatly appreciated.

From the far-away days comes the memory of a singer and a song: Lizzie Bell and "Under the Daisies". It may sound melancholy to you, but the sweetness of that voice, so soon hushed, carried a subtle power to perpetuate itself. There was a sister, Lily Bell, later Mrs. Whittlesey, and both were charming singers.

THE FESTIVAL OF SONG


The programme given September 5th and 6th, 1870, is shown on pages 21 and 22.

All Seattle was in the Audience, and all the children were on the stage. Leilla Shorey and Dora Hall in duet; Emma Atkins, soloist.

The page is framed by a decorative border of floral and scrollwork motifs. The border is composed of four corner pieces and four side pieces, all featuring intricate designs of leaves, flowers, and swirling lines. The central text is surrounded by a smaller, similar floral ornament.

Flower Queen.

The Flowers met in a secluded dell in the forest to choose their Queen. A person discontented with the world, seeks in the same place retirement from its cares and disappointments. The Flowers tell of love and duty, and the Seclude, learning that to fill well the station allotted by Providence is to be happy, resolved to return again to usefulness and contentment among his fellow-creatures.

A small, symmetrical decorative flourish consisting of a central scroll with two curved ends, each ending in a small flower-like shape.

PART SECOND.

1. Good Morning.....Full Chorus
2. (Hollybuck) "Softly, Dear Friends," Mrs. Anderson
3. (Padden) "I will, I will," Miss Annie Healy
4. Touch me Not.....Mrs. Leary
5. "We Love you All".....Semi-Chorus
6. "Stranger, thou hast heard our claim,"
All the Aspirants
7. "Tis Hard to Choose".....Recluse
8. "Prepare me for the Festive Scene,"
Full Chorus
9. "We come from the Hillsides".....Neither bells
10. (Soprano Solo) "We come from the Palace"
Full Chorus
11. "Receive the Crown".....Semi-Chorus
12. "On thy brow the Crown we place"
Semi-Chorus
13. "Long live our beautiful Queen".....
Chorus and Echo
14. (Song) Rose.....Mrs. Hemenway
15. (March) "We go to Fulfill".....Full Chorus
16. "I beg the hand".....Recluse
17. Finale.....Rose, Recluse and Solos

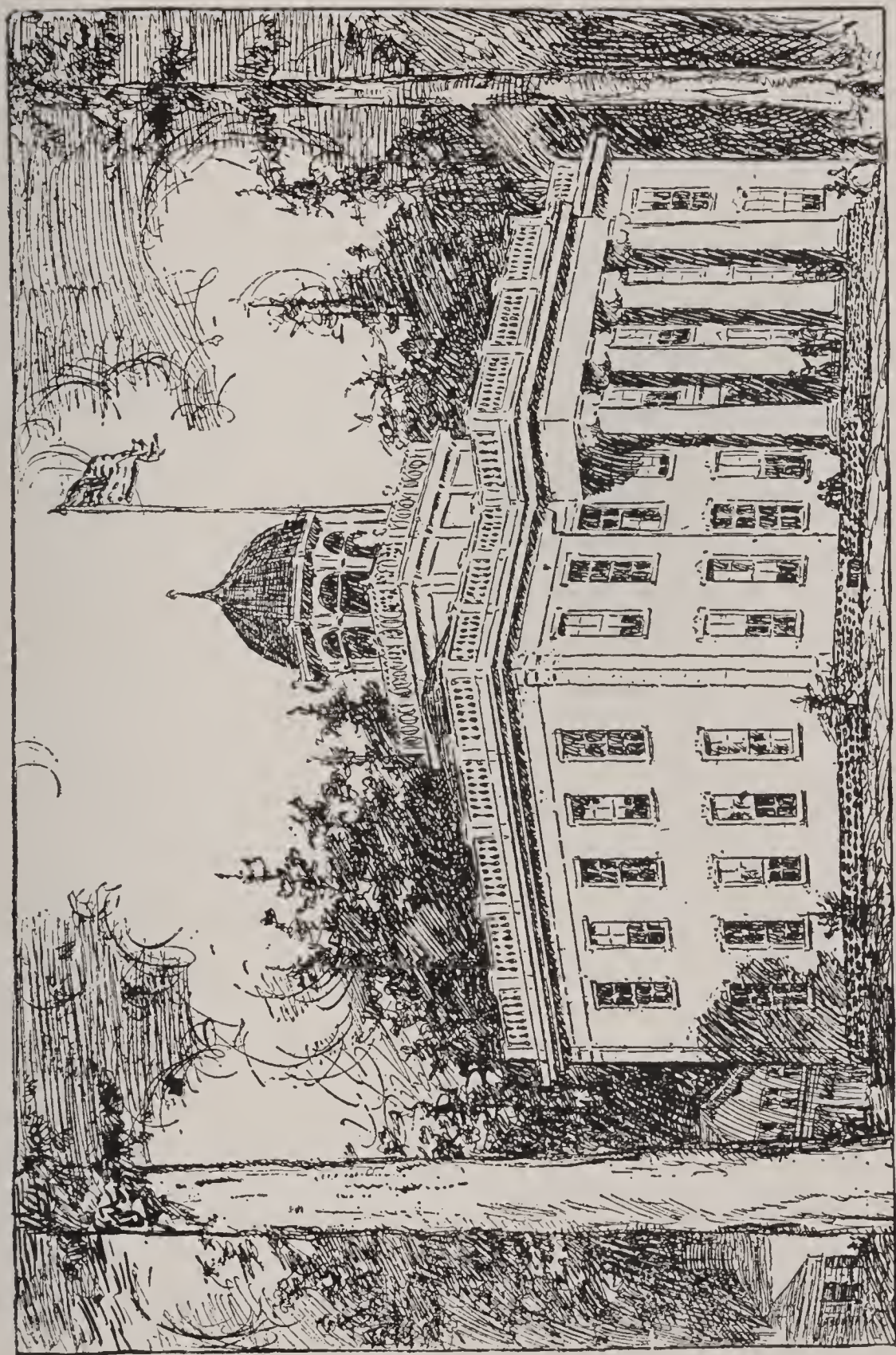
AT THE PAVILION, SEATTLE,

On Monday and Tuesday Evenings, Sept. 5th and 6th, 1870

PROGRAMME

INTRODUCTION.

1. "We are the Flowers".....Full Chorus
2. (Recluse) "Here would I Rest".....Mr. O'Brien
3. "Rest Thee Here".....Semi-Chorus
4. (Recluse) "Lost in Wonder".....Mr. O'Brien
5. (Duet) Wouldst Thou Know.....
Mrs. Hemenway and Kelly
6. "O Gentle Peace".....Recluse
7. "Who shall be Queen".....Full Chorus
8. (Cocoon) "I am the First".....Miss Johns
9. (Duet) "Peace, False Pretender".....Mrs. Henry
10. (Duet) Heliotrope and Mignonette.....
Dora Hall and Lizzie Bell
11. (Apostrophe) "Prized by the Beautiful".....Mrs. Tuttle
12. (Seaflower) "Take way, Silly Partners,"
Mrs. Hemenway
13. "Say, where is our Favorite Lily?".....
Full Chorus
14. (Duet) Violet and Lilly.....Misses Readinger and Paine
15. "The Early Odors which we Wear"
Mrs. Hemenway
16. Poppies.....Semi-Chorus
17. "Come Quickly Away".....Full Chorus
18. (Hymn) "To-night".....Semi-Chorus
19. (Duet) Nightingale and Rose.....Flute and Organ



UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON, 1861

CHAPTER II

EARLY HISTORY

There were in the first settlement, on Alki Point, twelve adults and eight children. The schooner *Exact*, Captain Folger, brought the new settlers from Portland, Oregon, and they landed in November 1851. This little company had previously come from Illinois, and had crossed the mountains in "covered wagons" drawn by oxen.

Alki means "by and by", and these sturdy pioneers had a vision of the city to be. Their families in first, one log cabin built by their own hands, then other cabins. Their days were not easy days; life was strenuous for these men. As we read their story or hear it from their grandchildren, there are repeated the names of Denny, Low, and Terry. Furnishing clam broth for the baby, salmon, with an occasional duck, for the others, with Indians curiously watching the family activities, hewing down the forest for wood and logs to load a brig at anchor, such were their daily

tasks. And here is a sentence: "It was raining almost every day".

The anchorage and harbor at Alki Point were not so desirable as across in Elliott Bay, so in February, 1852, they decided to locate on the present site of Seattle.

Mr. A. A. Denny, Mr. C. D. Boren, and Mr. W. N. Bell marked their claims, and May 23, 1853, Arthur A. Denny, Carson D. Boren, and Dr. D. S. Maynard filed the first plat of the town of Seattle.

Chief Sealth, or Seattle, for whom the town was named, was of the Flathead tribe, and was born at the "Old Man-house" across the Sound, where is now the *Port Madison Indian Reservation*, and also the town of Suquamish.

Chief Seattle's father was a Suquamish Indian, his mother was a Duwamish, and he lived to be eighty years old. A monument marks his last resting-place at Suquamish. Angeline, the daughter of Chief Seattle, was a familiar figure in the '70's or '80's, as she went up and down the streets of Seattle barefooted in the coldest weather. She lived down the bank near the foot of Pike Street in filth and squalor. In her last years, trudging along with a stout stick for a cane, wearing a bright plaid shawl, and a gaudy red cotton handkerchief tied

over her head, with her deeply wrinkled bronze face and watery blue eyes, she unfortunately aroused a spirit of antagonism among the cruel boys. They jeered at her and threw stones until her patience became exhausted, and she retaliated by calling them ugly names and pounding her stick violently.

Angeline had many friends among the old settlers. "*Car* Dave Kellogg?" she would say entering a certain store, and from Mr. Kellogg she never went away empty-handed; her money, her meals all came as the need came, but she lived her own way with her grandson, Joe Foster.

Her proudest experience was probably the day she represented Seattle in the celebration given President Harrison. On Yesler Way and Pioneer Square the citizens had erected a raised platform, with a covered way in event of rain, and here, proudly decked in a new shawl and with a red bandana tied on her head, Angeline extended the hand of welcome to the great "tyee of the whites". "*Klahowya*", she said with the inherent dignity of her race. Thus Princess Angeline received the President of the United States.

Now she lies in Lake View Cemetery in the heart of Seattle, where, too, are many of her white friends.

CHINOOK

Yes, we had a native dialect. *Klahowya?* (how do you do?). *Merci*, (thank you). *Nawitka*, (yes). It was the trader's language, evolved by the Hudson Bay Co. for the purpose of communication between different Indian tribes and the white settlers or traders. It was a jargon of French, Indian, and coined words.

Kultus was a very expressive word, meaning utterly worthless. To say a man was *kultus* was to pronounce him entirely depraved. *Potlatch* signified a gift, and to answer *Halo potlatch* was a sign of poverty: nothing to give. A man's wealth was reckoned by his gifts. The Chinook was used on the Indian reservations, in the chapel services and following is the Lord's Prayer, which I heard repeated in unison by about fifty Indians on the Puyallup Reservation:

*Nesika papa klaxta mitlite kopa sahale
kloshe kopa nesika tumtum mika nem;
kloshe mika tyee kopa konaway tilakum;
kloshe mika tumtum kopa illahe kahkwa
kopa sahale; potlatch konaway sun nesika
muckamuck, pee kopet-kumtuks konaway
nesika mesache, kahkwa nesika mamook
kopa klaska spouse mamook mesahche kopa
nesika; marsh siah kopa nesika konaway
mesahche. Kloshe kahkwa.*

THE INDIAN WAR

One day we went to see Mrs. Hanford,—up James Street on the right-hand corner of Fifth. Dear old white-haired Mrs. Hanford! You will see Abbie J. Hanford's name as a member of the Baptist Church and a charter member of the Ladies' Relief Society,—Seattle's first charitable organization. Taking a footstool, she called me to her, and at her feet I learned of the Indian War. The only tragic part remained in my memory, but in later years the whole story was learned.

There were many Indians up and down the Sound belonging to various tribes. The Flathead Indians were peaceful fishermen, but east of the Mountains the Indians were more vigorous, and consequently more inclined to resent the encroachments of the Whites, or King George's men, as they called them. The Hudson Bay Co.'s trappers were the first to approach these natives, and the Indians did not distinguish between the white races,—henceforth all white men were called King George's men.

Governor Stevens had made treaties with the Snoqualmie, Yakima, and other Indian tribes, and this made the settlers feel secure from their hostility. The White River Farmers went to work to clear the

ground and plant their crops, and all seemed peaceful about the Sound Country.

Then came rumors of intrigue; several braves crossed the mountains by way of Snoqualmie pass, mingled with the peaceful tribes, and incited them to rise and try to exterminate the encroaching white men. For a year this uneasiness prevailed; at one time the outside farmers abandoned their homes and came to Seattle for protection. Then the blockhouses were started, which were forts made of logs with loopholes for rifle-shooting. After this, Acting Governor Mason took some soldiers from Fort Steilacoom, and in an interview with the Indians he tried to make it plain to them that the "King George's men" were friendly and peaceful. The White River people returned to their farms and all seemed well. This was in the January of 1855. The U. S. Sloop *Decatur* came north, and when she entered the bay, the settlers sent out word to the captain requesting protection. Doubtless had she not been there, the settlement would have been exterminated.

Within a fortnight occurred the White River massacre; eight persons were killed and their houses burned. This was October 28, 1855, and from that time on the Seattle settlement prepared for hostilities.

Two forts were built of timbers twelve inches square, and a stockade connecting them running down to the water; food and ammunition were placed in this fort, and the remaining white men and the Duwamish River settlers took up their abode in the fort; also most of the families of the village. The men were organized for duty, the *Decatur* remained in the bay. Pat Kanim came from Snoqualmie with his women and children and proved his friendliness by warning a white friend on the morning of the attack.

Early on the morning of January 26, 1856, came the cry: "The Indians"! and all who were sleeping outside the blockhouse ran into cover. A howitzer was fired from the *Decatur* by order of Captain Sterrett, who later was relieved and succeeded by Captain Gansevort. They aimed toward the hill south of James Street, and back came a volley of musketry. The Indians had crossed Lake Washington in canoes, and there were armed Indians by the hundreds all through the woods back of the village. The firing was kept up all day; two houses were burned and several houses looted, everything of value being carried off, and two lives paid the penalty, those of Robert Wilson and William J. Holgate. Mrs. Hanford's brother, Mr. Holgate, was

standing in the door of the Cherry Street Fort when the fatal shot sped to its mark, and Mrs. Hanford was just inside, holding a baby in her arms. Away into the fall there were outbreaks here and there, the farms were abandoned, the settlers were discouraged, and many left the country. It was a time of depression and want.

There were brave men, however, and men true to the needs of the country, and the cabin fires were not all extinguished.

CHAPTER III

SAWMILL STORIES

As the first settlers earned their living by logging at Alki Point, the timber growing down to the shore of the Sound in a dense pine, fir and hemlock forest, with now and then enormous cedar-trees, or the maple and alder,—where the land was well watered. Lumber was the natural product. This caused shipping centers, or ports, as they were called, to be developed. There were Port Madison, Port Ludlow, Port Orchard, and the Port of Entry, Port Townsend. These sawmill ports were like little kingdoms, a law unto themselves; sometimes the owners lived elsewhere and a superintendent was the over-lord. Here white men, Indians, Chinamen, and Kanakas worked side by side and boarded at the Company's cook-house. Seattle's mill was the Yesler sawmill. Small steamers plied daily to these ports from Seattle, and the visiting families were always a welcome diversion in the Seattle homes. There were a few families of the skilled workmen in every port, and sailing vessels from all parts of the world

often brought the Captain's wife and children. One exciting episode came to our knowledge, as Mrs. B——— was a guest in our home. At a certain port, the San Francisco owners and the resident owners were having friction in money matters. An attorney was sent up from San Francisco to inquire into and check up the affairs of the Company in the north. Mr. B——— accompanied by Mrs. B——— went over to the port to obtain the Company's books. While Mr. B——— was in the office, Mrs. B——— remained aboard the steamer. There were several sharp toots, and the vessel left her moorings with full steam ahead. The Captain was blindfolded and one of these men took the wheel. Mrs. B——— kept calm until she saw the boat was not making for Seattle, but down the Sound. Then she was told that they were going to put her ashore, and she was forced to enter a small row-boat and landed on a wild, wooded shore. They left her alone on the beach. Mrs. B——— was about fifty years old, a woman unaccustomed to hardship; the tide was coming in, and the banks were high. It seemed desperately lonely.

She told us how she tried to find a place to climb above the high-tide mark; her hands were cut and

bleeding and her strength almost gone when she heard across the water the beat of oars; then a boat came in view, bringing her husband and two other men to her rescue.

That night the sawmill burned, and the steamer was in Canadian Waters.

CHAPTER IV

THE NEW HOME—1871

The house was ready, and we moved to our own home at Third and Seneca Street.

In a new place a family must have heat, light, and water, as well as shelter. The wood was abundant, candles and kerosene lamps could be bought, but water becomes the subject of much conversation when not available. The neighbors' well is helpful, but it is arduous to provide sufficient for a family's need by the bucketful.

A well-digger was found,—yes, we used the hazel divining-rod. It pointed to a place too far from the house, so Father ordered the men to dig by the back porch; deeper and deeper went the well, and then up came petrified mussel shells at sixty feet. They stopped; this was tragic news, as they charged \$1.00 per foot, and no water yet. Where did that beautiful maple-tree find its drinking-water? The shaft was covered over and abandoned. After a few days they dropped a stone

down into the depths and a splash was heard. There was water, clear cold water, sufficient for all household purposes for several years.

The evolution of Seattle's water supply was as follows: The southern part of the village was originally supplied with water from a cistern built by Mr. Yesler in the neighborhood of James and Mill Streets, near Fourth. Later, Mr. Arthur A. Denny found a spring which he enclosed in a reservoir on Ninth Street near University. This was connected with a system of wooden pipes laid underground, and supplied the northern or newer part of the town. As the need grew, there came Mr. Coppin, who, more pretentious than the others, erected a tower on Ninth Avenue and Columbia Streets. This district at that time was unplatted, a deeply wooded hill-top, and he, too, laid wooden pipes, and Coppin's water works became a prominent feature of the landscape.

From the simple supplying of a necessity, as the houses became more numerous, there entered into the equation the prospect of profit. The Spring Hill Water Co. was formed, and a location was secured on Beacon Hill. This, too, gave way to the City Pumping Station at Lake Washington, and larger reservoirs in different

parts of the city. This was the city water supply; then came the beautifully clear Cedar River water, which we enjoy to-day.

Around the Third and Seneca Street house cluster memories of a quarter of a century. Let us sit on the porch facing Seneca Street. Diagonally across Third Street is Mr. Horton's residence, a well-kept lawn and shrubs surround the two-story house with mansard roof and many trimmings, and beyond is the simpler dwelling of Angus Mackintosh. Across Seneca, we see Mr. Smith's, and on Second and Seneca, Mr. Orian Denny's. As the eye wanders toward the Bay, there is Mr. Sufferin's home, and on First Avenue toward the south, is Amos Brown's; while north, on First, we see Mr. Coombs' residence and that of A. A. Denny. Beyond, are coal bunkers and a long wharf, and a sailing vessel is taking on a cargo of coal. Across the Sound, the sun is going down behind Mt. Olympus in flaming splendor.

There are two ways to look for the daily steamers: west and north. Their whistles are calls that we all know. Now, we see the *Zephyr*, with Captain Ballard at the helm, crossing from Freeport (West Seattle), the stern wheel paddling sometimes against wind and

wave; to-day it is calm; every other day she comes from Olympia via Steilacoom; on alternate days, the *Messenger*, Captain Parker, makes the same run. These steamers were built at Seattle in 1871 and 1876 respectively. Around Magnolia bluff comes the *Politkofski*. Do you see the walking-beam? This steamer was built in Sitka, Alaska, in 1866,—a Russian-built boat. Now she crosses daily from Port Madison. She looks romantic and out of place, and strange to say, her story will never be told, for one day she will go out from the San Juan Straits to her northern home for her final journey in her old age.

The *Eliza Anderson* was built in Portland, Oregon, in 1858,—the old *Eliza* would bring our English cousins from British Columbia twice a week. In later years, the *New Mexico* or the *Idaho* would arrive from San Francisco. Their approach was heralded by a cannon salute. The water-ways were our only letter-carriers.

As we were looking north, we saw coal bunkers. Coal was discovered in the Cascade Mountains long before its transportation brought it to the use of the village. Wood was abundant, and Chinamen were plentiful as wood-sawers. The Newcastle Coal Mine and the Renton Mine were opened first, and a method

of bringing the coal into the bunkers was worked out as follows: barges were towed from the southern shore of Lake Washington in a northerly direction to the portage, a narrow strip of land separating Lake Union and Lake Washington. Here it was shifted to coal cars and drawn by mules about a mile to the eastern shore of Lake Union. Then it was barged again and towed by the *Fannie Lake* to a point corresponding to the beginning of the present Westlake Avenue,—and again it was loaded into coal cars and following the diagonal line of the present Westlake Avenue it was taken through the woods to Pike Street, and thence to the wharf and bunkers. Here the cars went up and down a steep incline with counter-weight. From our porch, if we looked along Third Street past University Street, we could see the home of old Uncle John Denny and Grandma Denny on Union Street, where the Post Office stands to-day. Uncle John Denny was the father of Mr. A. A. Denny and Mr. David Denny, and Grandma Denny was the mother of the wives of the two brothers. After the marriage of the sons, the older pair, widower and widow, (Boren) married and later came west to end their days with their children. Beyond this corner, lived Mr. Harvey Pike, and in his honor was named the



ARTHUR A. DENNY

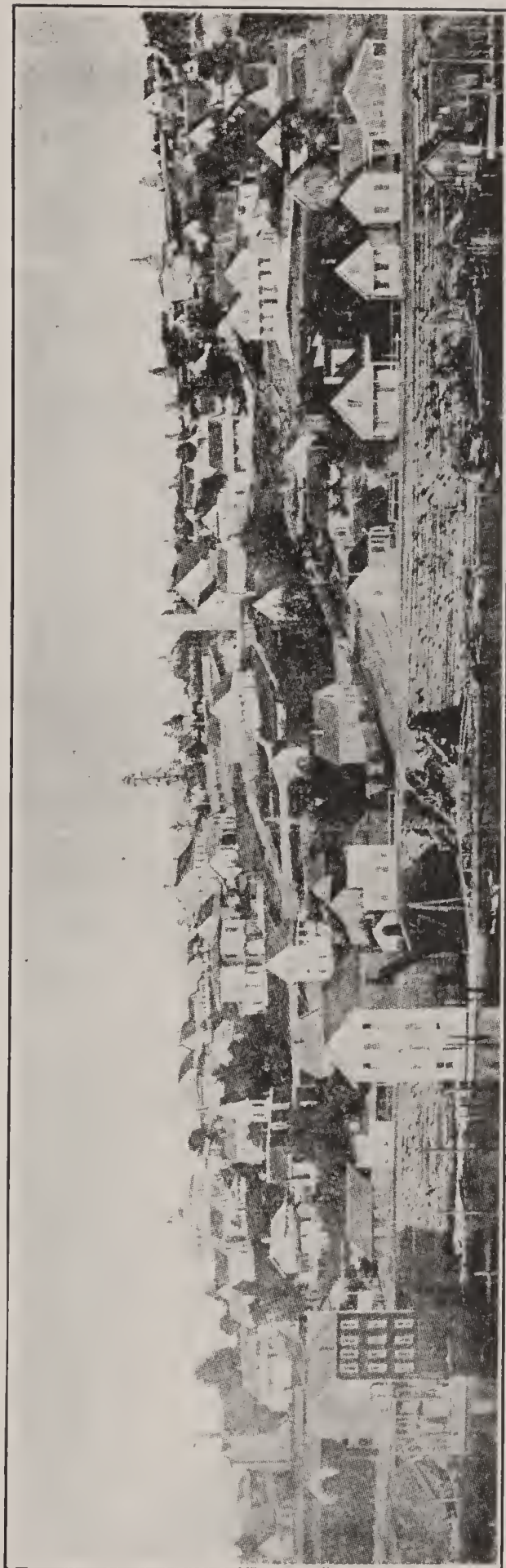


MARY ANN DENNY
(Mrs. Arthur A. Denny)

street. It was not so promising a thoroughfare formerly. At Second Street was a marshy piece of ground, not passable; the wooden sidewalk was built high and one walked carefully. Who would then have visualized our McDougall & Southwick corner,—the corner said to have the greatest congestion of traffic in the holiday or rush hours! The twilight has come while we have been on the porch, and we now go in for dinner, and later to muse before the coal fire in the grate. This dinner may be a fine boiled salmon or perchance an Indian hunter has brought us a brace of mallard ducks—twenty-five cents,—now and then an Olympia oyster stew. There is no evening newspaper, and the letters, few in number, are brought home in the pocket of the man of the house. Mr. A. A. Denny was the first postmaster. Mr. Lyons sorted our mail. We read the letters and there were but few visitors,—so to bed early. One night, I remember Father had gone to attend a meeting at Mr. Damon's to consider raising money to build a Congregational church edifice. It was yet early when Mother heard a heavy-breathing animal stop beneath our window near the door, and a low grunt and rumbling growl told her that a bear was our unwelcome visitor. Hurrying to the front window, she

excitedly called, "Mr. Smith, Mr. Lee Smith, please come over; there is a bear under our kitchen window, and my husband is out, and I am expecting him home at any minute. He is unarmed". Later, two men appeared with guns, but Mr. Bruin had wandered down to the beach for clams. Father, swinging his lantern, arrived in safety, and all was quiet again.

The following story has come to me. It tells of what occurred before we arrived, but as we are sitting, in our thoughts, before that white-marble mantel, looking into the glowing coals, we must tell it now. We know these Mercer girls, as they are sometimes called, fine women, respected in the community, and second to none. The men outnumbered the women, and Mr. Mercer, seeing the necessity for school-teachers and women in households, evolved the plan of interesting such as would merit transportation on a sailing vessel leaving Boston for Puget Sound, via Cape Horn. Mr. Mercer's plea was answered, and in twos and threes a ship's load was assembled, and with Mr. Mercer in charge, the vessel set sail. It must have been a trying adventure,—doubtless few realized the distance. The vessel touched at San Francisco, but firm in their agreement, they did not desert the ship. One was my school-



THE CITY OF SEATTLE IN THE YEAR 1878

teacher in the Central School, located on the block between Madison and Spring Streets on Third Avenue.

We did have papers. In order to have "news", there must be some method of gathering data. In those early days, letters came by ox-team or by steamer, and there were months of waiting. Overland came the Pony Express to Sacramento, California, and the overland stage to Olympia, Washington Territory. Forty-nine-days-old news! From Olympia, the letters were brought to Seattle by "canoe express", costing 25 cents per letter. Mr. Denny, the first Postmaster, tells us that the last express was received August 15, 1853: 22 letters and 14 newspapers.

The story is told that Mr. A. A. Denny was appointed representative of the Territory of Washington at Washington, D. C. The notification was so late in reaching him that his term of office had expired.

The Western Union Telegraph was established, and the first telegraphic news came over the wire from Kansas City October 26, 1864. A paper called *The Citizen's Dispatch* gave the first item of news: Sherman against Hood in the Atlantic campaign.

August 5, 1867, Mr. S. L. Maxwell sent to press the first number of the *Weekly Intelligencer*. The *Weekly*

Post made its appearance November 21st, 1878, and these two papers consolidated October 1, 1881. There were various evening papers, one called *The Dispatch*, edited by Mr. Beriah Brown and his two sons.

To-night I am going to bring out some old papers. Here is an advertisement:

“Risk a few hundred dollars in Washington Territory Real Estate; a few choice lots in Burk’s Second Addition on Lake Washington, \$250 to \$500,” and again,—
“Two farms of 160 acres each, six miles from the city, \$5.00 to \$20.00 per acre.”

In one paper we read that the C. P. S. R. R. will take passengers and freight every day but Sunday to Renton and Newcastle from Seattle Depot, King Street, foot of Second Street.

Listen to this:

Young Ladies, Old Maids, Old Bachelors and all other members of the Human Family can sweeten their existence by buying some of the Fresh Home-Manufactured Candies named here, Chocolates and other Caramels, Burnt Almonds, Bonbons, etc.— PIPER’S CONFECTIONARY AND BAKERY, FRONT STREET.

In the ’70’s and early ’80’s, the good old custom of New Year’s calls, inaugurated in New York City, was a social function of importance in Seattle. Housewives

prepared their tables of cold meats, cakes, including fruit-cake, and served wine and hot coffee to the groups of young men who walked from house to house to wish them a Happy New Year. Some of the callers had prepared fancy New Year's cards, and a glance to-day at the jokes and style shows them characteristic of boyish pranks. Of all the callers, there were three who outdid the others: the "Three Orphans". These men for sixteen years journeyed forth with fresh mottoes and gaily decorated cards. The fifteenth year the cards bore their photographs. They were Mr. H. L. Yesler, Mr. Bailey Gatzert, and Mr. M. R. Maddocks. The sixteenth year the card had the following from the pen of Mr. Yesler:

"Full fifteen years have come and gone
Since on this journey first we started,
And yet our hopes are very strong,
With fifteen more you will be greeted".

The fire is burning low, and yet there are many more things to tell about; here on the center-table is a volume of Scott's novel, *Old Mortality*. Seattle had a small library; this book came from our Public Library. Before 1870, lovers of books had started a collection, and one evening Mr. Angus Mackintosh asked Mother to

serve as trustee; the books were then in the Pontius Building upstairs, and there was not enough money to hire a permanent librarian, so they voted to remove the collection to the University, where there was more shelf-room and the books would be more accessible. A library organization was formed in the '80's with Mrs. Joseph McNaught as President. Quite a sum of money was raised by various social activities. Of this organization, Mother was Treasurer. When the city finally took over the work, the ladies' room was furnished by them. Later, the fire of June 6th, 1889, consumed the entire building, which had been the residence of the family of H. L. Yesler.

1885.

Happy New Year.

1886

OUR FIFTEENTH ANNUAL CALL.



JUDKINS PHOTO

Bailey Gatzert.

A. L. Yerler.

M. R. Maddocks.

Beauty Undorned.

"THREE ORPHANS"

CHAPTER V

VIGILANTES—1882

“Avenged!” In black headlines! How tragic it all seemed, and how horrible the scene enacted in the village center! One thousand persons, so the papers said, watching three quivering bodies hang from a beam across the Yesler Maple-Trees on James Street!

This was the first civic uprising, January 18, 1882.

Mr. George B. Reynolds, a young man of thirty, married within a year to Miss Mary Meydenbauer, a Seattle girl, returning to his work after supper was held up by two men near Third Street on Marion. As he reached for his revolver, one of the men said, “Give it to him”, and the shot entered his left side. Mr. M. R. Maddocks, Mr. C. P. Stone, and several others were soon on the spot, having heard the shot. The men ran down the alley-way to the south. Mr. Reynolds was carried home, and died in less than an hour. The fire-bell was rung, and about two hundred citizens congregated at the Engine House and organized a Vigilance Committee to patrol the streets.

Two men were found concealed in the hay on Harrington and Smith's Wharf, at the foot of Washington Street, one having a revolver from which a shot had been fired. Their shoes were removed and they fitted exactly in the tracks in the alley-way, as testified to by several persons.

These men gave their names as James Sullivan and William Howard. They were taken to the Sheriff's office; things looked desperate for a while, until Sheriff Wyckoff and Chief of Police McGraw gave their word of honor that the fellows would be taken before a magistrate for examination at nine o'clock next morning. Several hundred people were congregated about the jail next morning before nine o'clock. The officers came out with their prisoners between them, and went to Yesler's Pavilion at First Street and Cherry.

Justices Cann and Combs occupied a table on the stage. W. H. White, assisted by Judge Jacobs, conducted the examination, and W. H. Holcomb volunteered to appear for the prisoners. After the testimony of twenty-five persons was taken, Judge Combs said, "I am convinced that the evidence is sufficient to hold these men without bail for their appearance to await the action of the Grand Jury". The furies were let loose;

pillow-cases were drawn over the heads of certain officials, one man struggled with Judge Green. Evidently by prearrangement, the offenders were rushed to the temporary gallows. A long rope reached across the square, and as many as could secure a hold pulled on the instrument of vengeance. After about twenty minutes, they thought of another victim; Benjamin Payne was in the jail for the murder of Officer David Sires in October. Some four hundred determined men chopped their way into the jail and with sledge-hammers broke open the iron doors, and three bodies hung from the bar across the maple-trees. It was said that three graves were dug on the hill, and that from each coffin a rope was exposed to view as a warning to other criminals of the punishment given by the Seattle Vigilance Committee.

The outside places viewed the proceedings with approbation. Captain William Renton of Port Blakeley telegraphed as follows:

"If the men arrested for the murder of George Reynolds are proven guilty, and the citizens of Seattle need any help to hang them, I will shut down the mill and furnish all the men needed".

From Port Madison: "We congratulate Seattle".

Olympia, Port Townsend, and other places telegraphed endorsement. Every road, every boat out of Seattle carried vagrants and men of the criminal class. For years no thieving or other depredation was committed hereabout. This moral code was given out:

“Let it be known to all the world that this was the work of no mob; it was the result of the uprising of an outraged community of law-abiding citizens”.

CHAPTER VI

THE FIRST RAILROAD

Always there was a longing for railroad connection with the outside world. When the Northern Pacific officials were scouting about the Sound for a terminus, the hope was that they would select Seattle.

In excitement it would be rumored that Mr. Oakes or Mr. Sprague was looking over the ground here,—down the Sound—and then Tacoma, not old Tacoma, where General McCarver had settled and where Hansen, Ackerman & Co. had a large sawmill, but a place where their land company could have all the profits of the new city, became the terminus of a transcontinental railroad.

A deep depression followed. Money was scarce and interest was two and one-half per cent a month. Seattle had about one thousand inhabitants. It was smaller than Olympia, and had less business than Steilacoom and Port Townsend,—the only manufacturing enterprise, the Yesler Sawmill, being leased to a San Francisco concern and operated by Mr. James M. Colman.

Then a reaction set in; men were spurred to endeavor. A mass meeting was called and the Seattle & Walla Walla Railroad was organized. Two days were named, and all able-bodied men turned out with pick and shovel. How they worked! The women brought hot coffee. In this manner about three miles of road-bed was made ready for the ties, then enthusiasm languished.

Then Mr. Colman, of Scotch descent, offered \$10,000 of his hard-earned savings if five others would advance an equal amount, and if the people would loan \$30,000 on ten-per-cent bonds, secured by the entire property after the \$60,000 had been expended upon it. This was not agreed to, and again Mr. Colman offered to advance \$20,000 if other parties would raise \$40,000. This last proposition was accepted in the spring of 1875. The bonds were never all sold, and of the amount subscribed only about \$2,000 was paid in. The rest of the money necessary for the completion of the road to Renton, thirteen miles, was raised by Mr. Colman on his personal security. The road was completed to Renton in 1879. Mr. Villard purchased the road and renamed it the Columbia and Puget Sound Railroad. Mr. Colman remained superintendent for two and one-half years.

One evening, through Mr. Colman's courtesy, a group of young people listened to music produced in the Renton office. This was the first telephone installed in Seattle, and was for the private use of the Railroad Company.

In September, 1882, the driving of the last spike in the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad was celebrated by its president, Mr. Henry Villard of New York City, and a large party of American, English, and German capitalists were his guests. After the driving of the "spike", they toured on to Tacoma, the railroad's terminus.

Seattle rallied to the occasion and staged a royal welcome; columns in the daily papers of that date are filled with the account of the festivities. There was a barbecue on the University grounds and "*Lux Sit*", the motto of the University, chosen by President Powell, was prominent. We needed intellectual light because we did not have very bright street lights, and to fulfil the motto, the gathered crowd were addressed by such brilliant men as Charles Francis Adams of the celebrated Massachusetts family, Mr. Carl Schurz, and Mr. Henry Villard, who were introduced by Dr. T. T. Minor in the absence of Judge Struve, the Mayor.

The Carbonado Band discoursed music, and at the long tables many men were fed. "*Lux Sit*". That evening the sky was resplendent with an Aurora Borealis. Some of us were viewing the scene from the bay in row-boats. Far up toward the eastern sky-line behind our beloved University, brilliant banners of crimson, amethyst, and white pulsated in unearthly brilliance.

CHAPTER VII

SCHOOL DAYS

As you see the gathering boys and girls and hear the bell, your memories and mine are much the same. We recall the pleasure of meeting, the quick step and the slow—the “learning”, to most of us, was secondary—the view from the portico, and the great day when we stepped forth as graduates. We have little to say about it now, but it was so big that it filled our horizon then. Dr. A. J. Anderson read each morning from the Proverbs, and we, so full of hope and merriment, remembered in after years his pertinent remarks.

There hangs in Denny Hall a painting of Dr. Anderson presented to the University by a few of his pupils. All that is left of the old University building are four Ionic Columns, standing like their Greek forbears as a little reminder of other days, our school days. They are out by Lake Washington where our newer and grander Alma Mater calls us home once a year.

THE COLUMNS

There are four tall shafts of misty white,
In a sylvan court, embowered in green.
Ghosts of a past—out of the night
What is your story, what have you seen?

Snatched from the burning, snatched from the path
Of Mammon's greed, where Mammon sways,
You are all that is left, an aftermath
Of the place we loved, and our old school days.

We know your story, oh, Columns Tall,
The square white building, the tone of the bell;
We know the portico, tower and all,
Up on the hill, we know so well.

You looked toward the water and mountains white,
And the little steamers which plied the Sound,
And we looked at you, 'twas a pleasant sight,
Oh, Columns, how memories crowd around!

And are you waiting and watching, too,
Silent and lone in this beautiful grove?
We'll make a rendezvous here with you,
'Tis Sanctuary here,—where'er one may rove.

E. S. R.



THE COLUMNS

CHAPTER VIII

VISITING U. S. PRESIDENTS

It is a wonder that any President of the United States ever found this little northwest corner with its big-feeling inhabitants. First, there came President Rutherford B. Hayes and Mrs. Hayes, together with the two Generals Sherman.

We gave them a reception in Squires Opera House. Sweet Lucy Webb Hayes—so fine! We took off our white kid gloves to touch her ungloved hand. There was no cross-country railroad; they came via Portland, Oregon.

The next Chief Magistrate to enter Seattle was President Harrison. He was received by Princess Angeline, as has been told before.

When President Roosevelt arrived, we gave him a proper greeting on the University Campus, and he in turn gave one of his stirring speeches. We had visits from President Wilson and President Harding, and later, the radio brought the voice of President Coolidge within the walls of one's own living-room, across three thousand miles of rivers, forests, farms, and mountains.

CHAPTER IX

MYSTERY SHIPS

Some are in the annals of history, and many are forgotten. Wraiths of memory—a cry between the silences!

The *George S. Wright* steamed south in Alaskan waters in 1872, and no authentic details of the fate of the unfortunate passengers or crew were ever heard. It is supposed that she encountered a snowstorm in Queen Charlotte Sound at the northern end of the island, and any who may have escaped the icy waters were probably murdered by the Indians. No wreckage was reported.

The sailing ship *Ivanhoe* went out from a Seattle dock early one morning with the usual crew and an editor of the *Post-Intelligencer*, who, as guest of the captain, was taking a much-needed rest en route to San Francisco, California. Never has word come as to when or where she met her fate. Weeks and months of waiting, watching, and grief have lengthened into years, and nothing has come but the stern of a ship's boat with *Ivanhoe* painted on it, picked up by the Indians on the British Columbia coast.

A little steamer was plying its usual route across Puget Sound from Seattle to Port Blakely one Saturday night, then, as now, the one late boat of the week, carrying a happy group of passengers returning from the theatre or other amusement. There was no landing—somewhere lies the wreckage.

One more tale and we are done. A big, fine ship lay at anchor in Tacoma Bay, the *Andalusian*. The crew were not to go ashore, but one man succeeded in getting away from the vessel. After a few drinks, he decided to sneak back, hoping to be unnoticed. When he arrived at the pier about midnight, there was no *Andalusian*. He thought hurriedly, "Where is she? Have they changed anchorage?" He hid himself on shore for the rest of the night, but in the morning there was still nothing to be seen, and from that time to this the mystery has remained unsolved.

There are tales of disaster and drowning, including the loss of three of our well-known citizens: Dr. T. T. Minor, Mr. G. Morris Haller, and Mr. Louis Cox, one dark stormy night, when they were attempting to cross the Sound in two canoes. The bodies were found later. The going down of the *Queen of the Pacific* near the Straits is another of the tragedies which bring us face to face with the mystery of life.

CHAPTER X

CHINESE TROUBLES

It was a bright, peaceful Sunday morning; household duties were being hurried through preparatory to church-going; there were few people on the streets. Mother was opening an upper-story window, the catch failed to snap, and the falling of the window sounded sharply on the still air. Three people stopped, looked quickly around, hesitated and then went on. We looked after them and said, "Something is in the air; they thought that was a shot". "Yes", said Mother, "I believe they have been up all night".

There had been considerable agitation as to the presence of the Chinese in the city. They were our vegetable men, laundrymen, and the real workers. In our kitchens, as cooks, they were faithful and dependable. There were no Japanese here at this time, and but few foreigners of any sort to take their place. We were feeling a little wave of the restless tide which was sweeping over Europe and America. London had had her uprisings, Chicago her Haymarket. Around agitators from outside as a nucleus, a few had gathered.

Some of the women associates had been about requesting the people not to employ Chinese in any capacity. We were buying very nice home-grown vegetables from the Chinese gardener who came to the door balancing his baskets hung from a pole on his shoulder. The Chinese had planted two gardens, one on Mr. David Denny's tract on the north and the other on the Duwamish river, south.

It was not many hours after, on that same Sunday morning, that the University bell rang three times three. Young men ran down the street to the Armory, rifle in hand. The Armory was situated on Second Street between Spring and Seneca, just opposite Plymouth Congregational Church. We went to church at Plymouth. Rev. Henry L. Bates, with rifle in pulpit, offered a prayer, then dismissed the congregation to join his company, the Home Guards, Captain George B. Kinnear, while others joined the Seattle Rifles, Captain Joseph Green. This was February 7, 1886.

At daylight, Sunday morning, after being in conference all night, in pursuance of a carefully arranged secret understanding, groups of men, five or six in number, had gone to all the Chinese quarters throughout the city and told the occupants to pack up and

leave the city, and that the *Queen of the Pacific* would sail at ten o'clock and they were to go on her. Imagine the consternation and chattering of these foreign people! They were not allowed to prepare any breakfast, and but faintly comprehended the situation. Soon wagons came, and quickly but forcefully they were loaded with Chinamen and bundles and dumped their freight on the ocean dock, where the committee left guards to prevent the Chinese returning.

Because of the number of steerage passengers, the price of a ticket was reduced to \$7.00 to San Francisco, and Mr. Lyman Wood went among the crowd and collected the necessary fare. After these tickets were exhausted, and eight Chinamen had purchased their own, there were still left on the wharf two hundred and fifteen Chinamen. By this time, the police realized their helplessness in preserving order unaided, although thus far there had been no resistance. Now, some of the agitators threatened to compel the *Queen* to take on board the remaining Chinamen. Captain Alexander coupled his hose to the hot-water boiler and was ready to receive the first onslaught. Sheriff McGraw now ordered the fire-bell rung at No. 1 Engine House, and the Vigilantes rang their three times three from the

University Cupola. Then the citizens knew that a crisis was at hand. Sheriff McGraw notified Governor Squire, who happened to be in the city, then armed his deputies. Governor Squire sent the following dispatch to Secretaries Lamar and Endicott and Brigadier General Gibbon of the Department of the Columbia:

Immense mob forcing Chinese to leave Seattle. Civil authorities arming *posse comitatus* to protect them. Serious conflict probable. I respectfully request that United States troops be immediately sent to Seattle.

WATSON C. SQUIRE

Governor,

Washington Territory.

At noon, Deputy United States Marshal Henry under an armed escort of twenty or more deputy sheriffs went to the corner of Commercial and Washington Streets and read the following proclamation:

TO THE PEOPLE OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY

WHEREAS: it is represented to me by the Mayor of the City of Seattle as follows:

"Hon. W. C. Squire—Sir: The Chinese residents of this City are being unlawfully removed from the city by a mob unlawfully gathered together. The authority of the city is not sufficient to keep the peace or preserve order. I appeal to you for aid and assistance,

"HENRY L. YESLER, *Mayor.*"

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Watson C. Squire, Governor of Washington Territory, do hereby publish this my proclamation, warning all persons to desist from breach of the peace, and that peaceably disposed persons shall retire to their houses

Done in Seattle this seventh day of February, A. D. 1886.

WATSON C. SQUIRE, *Governor.*

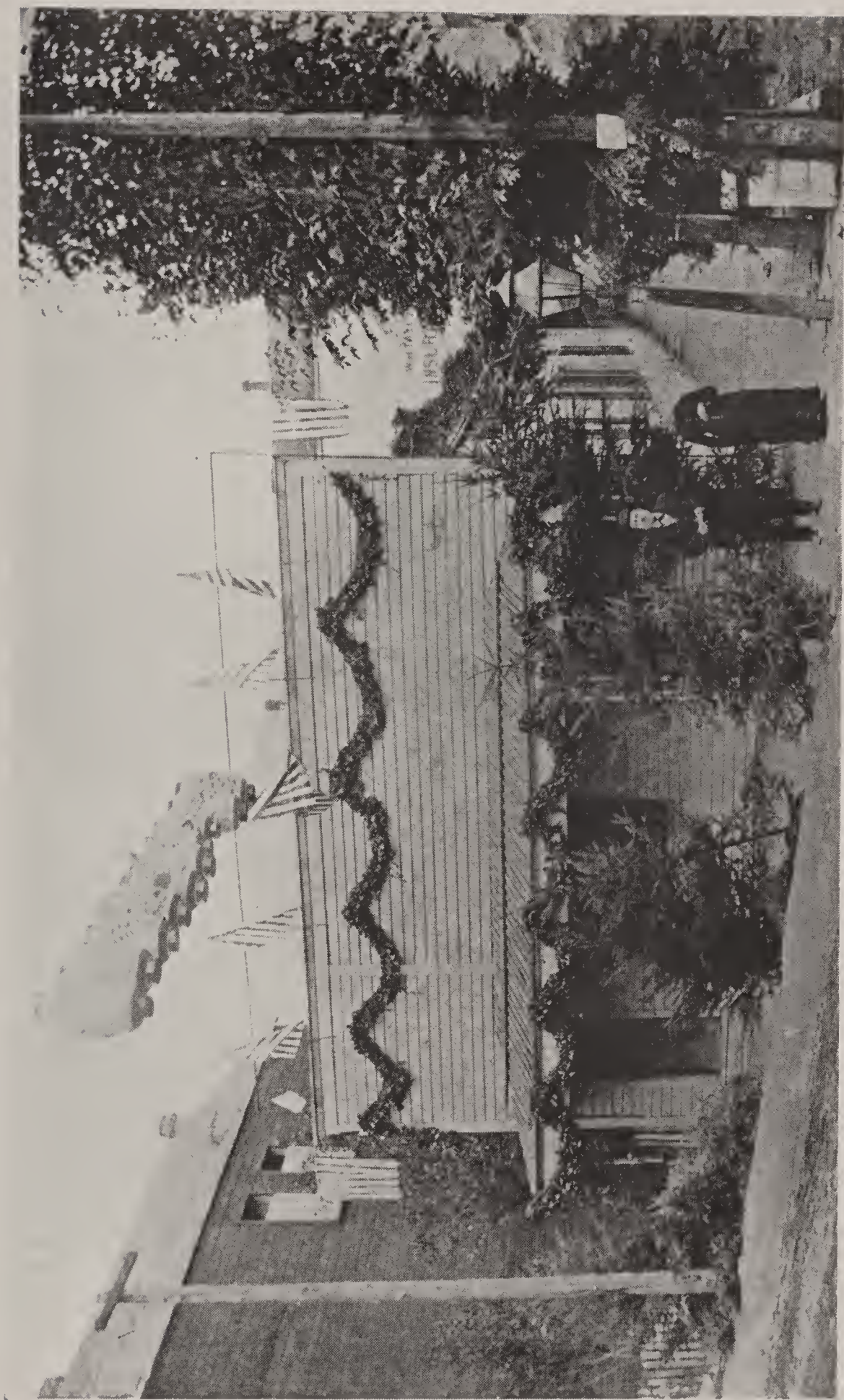
This proclamation was received with jeers and derisive shouts; the armed escort were hooted at on their return to the Court House. Shortly before the sailing of the *Queen*, a Chinese resident swore out a writ of habeas corpus, setting forth that there were ninety-seven subjects of the Emperor of China unlawfully detained on board the steamship *Queen of the Pacific*. This writ was served upon Captain Alexander, ordering him to produce the bodies of the ninety-seven Chinese in court and show why they should not be released. At ten o'clock, Captain Alexander appeared with his counsel, Mr. James McNaught, to ask an amendment to this writ to the effect that he had not sufficient force to deliver the bodies at the Court House, but would deliver them upon the dock. To this Judge Roger S. Green agreed, and set the time of hearing for seven-fifteen

o'clock, Monday morning. Up to midnight, the city was virtually in the hands of the mob. Great excitement prevailed throughout the resident portions. Here and there a Chinaman who had secreted himself from the rioters would appear at the back door of a friendly family and seek food or shelter; when we assured him that our country's laws would protect him, he would lose the hunted, furtive look and express much gratitude.

Mrs. H. L. Yesler's experience was perhaps the most spectacular. She had had a fine Chinese cook for many years; a large courageous fellow. In the first hours of the upheaval, he had gone over to a wash-house, in which he was interested to see what remained of the clothes, as there was much looting. Soon he came running home, jumped over the fence, and ran into the house. Mrs. Yesler, looking out of the window, saw six or seven men in the back yard. She lived at the corner of Front and James Streets, where is now the Pioneer Building. Hastily locking her doors, she awaited their coming. Soon there sounded a rap at her kitchen door. She called from a window, "What do you want?" One of two men who were there replied, "We want your Chinamen; you have two hidden

in your house". With all her dignity, she calmly answered: "My husband is Mayor of this City and must stand by the law, and as I am his wife I must stand by the law, too. This is my house, and I will protect it". One of the crowd answered, "Mayor or no Mayor, you must give up your Chinamen. Your house is nothing! If you don't give up your Chinamen, we will blow up your house". There arrived just then two men, Mr. D. H. Gilman and a companion, who being deputy sheriffs arrested a Mr. Cooper, and the other man left. When the excitement in this household abated, Mrs. Yesler found her cook behind her, armed with a big knife, and ready to protect her at any cost.

Monday morning pursuant to order, Sheriff McGraw took two militia companies, the Home Guard and the Seattle Rifles and brought the Chinamen who were on the wharf and the steamer up to the Court House grounds. Those on the ship were taken into Court. Lue King acted as interpreter. W. H. White, U. S. Prosecuting Attorney, appeared for the Chinamen, and James McNaught for Captain Alexander. Judge Roger S. Green spoke as follows: "Tell them that the Court has been told that they are confined on board the steamship, *Queen of the Pacific*, against their will. The Court



THE OLD YESLER HOME, FRONT AND JEFFERSON STREETS, JULY 4, 1883

is willing, if they desire, that they shall go as passengers, but no man or set of men has a right to compel them to go. So if they wish to stay, they must let the Court know it now. . . . Tell them not to be afraid to speak what is in their hearts. The Government is strong and will protect them". There were but sixteen who were courageous enough to desire to stay; more money was raised, and finally one hundred and ninety-six Chinamen were taken on board the steamer;—all she was allowed to carry,—the lines were thrown off, hands were shaken, and every one thought the end of an exciting and unpleasant episode was at hand.

The remaining Chinamen picked up their belongings and under escort of the Home Guards, with Sheriff McGraw, started up the wharf to their partially demolished houses in the Chinese quarter. From the start they were shouted at by hoodlums, and others were harrassed. When they reached the corner of Main and Commercial Streets, the crowd closed in on the Guard, who clubbed the mob as they came with the intent of seizing their rifles. It became evident that the struggle was to result in bloodshed. At the first onslaught, the Chinamen fell down on their belongings and the fight was over their prostrate bodies. A pistol-shot came

from the mob and out rang the rifle-shots from the Home Guard. The Seattle Rifles were still on the wharf; hearing the shots, they formed into line and in double-quick came up in fine style. Thus opposed, the mob now numbering thousands battled and John Keane, a well-known agitator took a soap-box and, addressing the crowd, advised them to go home, saying, "Enough damage has already been done." Voices from the crowd shouted, "Burke, give us Burke!" Some thought that his eloquent ready appeal would be calming to both sides, as all people listened to him always, a friend to the Chinese, the working man, and the law-abiding citizen.

The shooting took place at 12:15 o'clock. Four of the wounded were taken to Providence Hospital. Charles G. Stewart, who it seems from his own statement was one of the leaders of the insurgents, was shot through the arm and through the body. He was about thirty-four years old, worked in the woods when he had work, and had been in Seattle about two and one-half months. Like so many, he paid for those whose brains laid the plots.

On February 8, 1886, the following orders were issued by Governor Squire:

Martial law having been proclaimed by me as Governor of Washington Territory, I hereby announce the following members of my Staff:

Adj. General—Col. G. O. Haller

Asst. Adj. General—G. M. Haller

*Aids—J. H. McGraw, Geo. G. Lyon, C. H. Kittinger,
L. S. Booth*

Judge Advocate—General Henry G. Struve

Quartermaster—General James McNaught

Provo Marshal—A. E. Alden

Commissary—General Geo. D. Hill

Surgeon General—Dr. T. T. Minor.

On Wednesday, February 10, 1886, the steamer, *Haywood*, rounded Alki Point at 1:30, and the *Seattle Daily Post-Intelligencer* of the eleventh, said, "That Means Business". Eight companies of the 14th Infantry under command of Lieutenant Colonel de Russy from Vancouver Barracks arrived and were stationed at the Pacific House and the Standard Theatre. Almost immediately, notices were posted about the city commanding disturbers of the peace to disperse by six o'clock on the tenth, inst. These were signed by John Gibbon, Brigadier General U. S. Army.

The side-lights of the days of martial law were productive of many stories. "What is martial law"? said

Gen. Gibbon to a woman whose utterances had been construed as incendiary. "It's no law at all; it's the will of one man. I could have you taken out and shot here and now and I should be within my rights". Trembling in fright, her long bony fingers tightly clasped, her once piercing black eyes lowered, all defiance gone, she went out from his presence, possibly remembering her night vigil and the report of the closing window.

While the men were doing picket duty, some of the women were preparing baskets of sandwiches, doughnuts, and hot coffee. These were given passes, and their work was much appreciated when the midnight lunch hour arrived. The Ladies' Relief Society, previously organized for public service as a means of extending charity to the worthy needy, also gave of their time, and received much praise and newspaper publicity for their ready help.

CHAPTER XI

THE FIRE—JUNE 6, 1889

There was a little glue-pot in the basement of a First Avenue store; there arose a flame; and before that little flame was quenched, sixty-five acres, the entire business section of the city, lay in ashes.

It was a warm afternoon; the fire department, composed of volunteer firemen, was handicapped by lack of water. Buildings were dynamited in the path of the fire, but to no avail. There was a row of wooden stores on the west side of First Street with basements over the bluff. Mrs. Pontius owned this property. One two-story building above the street had housed the first public library, and later the Y. M. C. A. Below these buildings to the south was another row of wooden buildings, the second story of each of which was used as a lodging-house. In these buildings the flames gained headway. It was about 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon that the unfortunate painter and his glue-pot started so great a blaze. The wind was to the south, but the heat worked northward, and First and Second Streets seemed doomed their entire length. Heroically,

men worked on the roof of the Armory, at Second and Spring Streets, using wet blankets and garden hose as long as the water lasted. Time and again, little tongues of flame flickered from the great roof, but this effort saved First and Second and Third Street residences, and Plymouth Church.

To the south, it was a holocaust as far as King Street and Trinity Church on Jefferson Street and Third. All the banks were gone but one, and all the business houses but one. Strange to say, the Jail did not burn.

Mayor Moran called out the Militia. No one was permitted to enter the burned district without a pass. It was necessary to maintain guards about the bank safes, which were embedded in the ashes.

The roster of the companies of the Militia was as follows: Company C, Tacoma; Company G, Port Blakely; Companies B, D and E, Seattle.

The building owned and occupied by the *Post-Intelligencer* on the northeast corner at Yesler Way and Post was completely destroyed, but not an issue of the paper was omitted. A small sheet, called the "Fire Edition", scorched on one side, was printed. Mr. Will H. Parry wrote the account of the fire by the light of a lantern as

he sat on the steps of the Methodist Church, at corner of Third and Marion Streets. A press was obtained, and set up on skids in the open air under the orchard trees, with a threshing-machine engine for motive power. A paper issued June ninth was seventeen and one-half inches by eleven and one-half inches in size. Temporary headquarters, Fourth and Columbia Streets, were established for the *Post-Intelligencer* in a former residence situated amid berry-bushes and fruit-trees. The Editorial of one edition starts thus: "It might have been worse". Headlines—"No Wooden Buildings—Confidence not Shaken. Tacoma to the Relief".

The brotherliness of surrounding cities was a sweet example of Christian charity. Tacoma gathered food and clothing, also bedding, and had them in Seattle by Friday night. A large tent was erected on University and Third Streets. Cots were placed in position, and it is estimated that four hundred people found rest there the first night. The next day they put up long tables, and at 6:30 commenced serving meals. Fully three hundred and fifty meals an hour were served all day long. At 8:30, the tables were removed and replaced with cots. The demand was so great that another tent was put up, having quarters more private for

women, and a wooden building was erected in the rear to be used as store-house and for cooking purposes. Here twenty cooks and half as many dishwashers were employed. Drayloads of bread and smoked meats constantly arriving kept twenty waiters conveying this food to the tables.

Hundreds of telegrams offering assistance from all over the country arrived. Vancouver, B. C., June eighth, remitted \$1,000 to Mayor Moran through the Bank of British Columbia, with this message: "Wire if you want clothing".

Here are some advertisements in every paper of June ninth:

LOST: Remington typewriter No. 2. Was left in the yard of Mr. H. L. Yesler.

LOST: One-half walnut office desk.

The Seattle Hardware Co. have bought the car stables, corner Pike and Second Streets, and will be ready for business as soon as the building can be made over. An entire stock has been telegraphed for.

Every business concern commandeered a location; a tent was put up or a temporary building erected outside the burned area, and the cheerfulness of all helped to bridge over the losses. A sum of money had been

pledged by Seattle to the Johnstown Flood Sufferers. It was suggested at a Citizens' meeting to plan the rebuilding of Seattle, with wider streets and brick buildings, that this money be withheld for our needs. The overwhelming response was "No"! and it is said that the "Seattle Spirit" was born then and there.

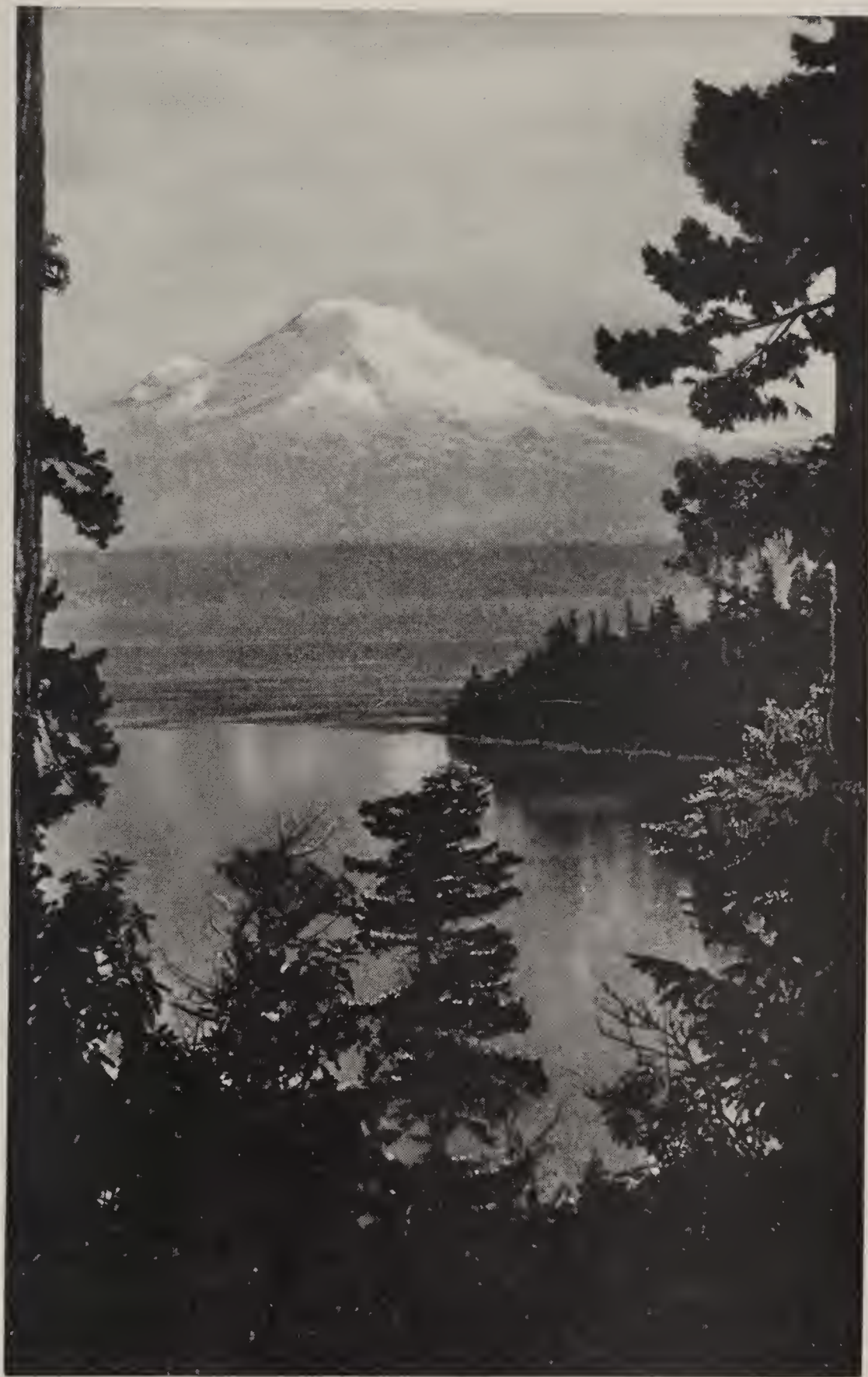
CHAPTER XII

RECONSTRUCTION

Phoenix-like, the city began, almost before the ashes were cold, to be reshaped.

Now the Territory has entered into Statehood,—the thirtieth State to be admitted into the Union. In 1889 Governor Elisha P. Ferry, a former Territorial Governor, was the first to be elected to that office by the people.

Philanthropy and Art are stirring. It is a period of organization. We have spoken of the Ladies' Relief Society. This was Seattle's first charitable organization. It was incorporated in 1883, and after helping the needy in many ways, it started a children's home in 1884. In politics, we would not forget the Apple Orchard Convention. It was a revolt from the old political lines by the young men, and took its name from their dramatic withdrawal to an apple orchard. Youth won in the conflict at the polls. Art classes and music instructors were seriously awakening dormant faculties, and inspiring their students to a freer expression. The Ladies' Musical Club came into being.



MOUNT RAINIER

An announcement coming from the University of Washington tells us that on the faculty in the Department of Music, Miss Minnie Thorndyke is teacher of piano and organ. Mrs. J. M. Pearlman of vocal culture. Art Department, Miss Kate Allmond. These were not the first teachers. Mr. Gustave Kalling had art classes in the early '80's, and Mrs. Russell and Mrs. David Kellogg taught the piano in the '70's. Of our teachers and clergymen we have spoken—not all, but the few who come nearest to us—but the physicians, the ones to whom we turn when illness comes, they, too, are remembered. We did not have epidemics; we lived sanely and simply. Dr. Heminway was one of the first, and Dr. G. A. Weed, 1870, then Dr. E. L. Smith, 1877.

CHAPTER XIII

GOLD—1896

When the *Portland* steamed into Puget Sound and Elliott Bay with bits of yellow nuggets and the news of a "find" in the north country, a fever came upon us all. There was no peace. The nearer we were to the new Eldorado, the more anxious were we to be the first to claim a right to the earth's hidden treasure. Young and old, men and women, forsook their homes and in the mad rush, climbing the trails, fording the rushing streams, or rafting through the White Horse Rapids, lost their all, even their lives, for gold.

The Klondike, like a siren beckoned to the frenzied, not only in Seattle, but to those in the east and south and Europe, too. They came by steamboat, by train, by sailing vessel. Every merchant here was busy with the necessary "outfits"; to grub-stake a man cost about two hundred dollars. Those who could not leave sent others out on shares. Piles of boxes filled the sidewalks day and night—such a packing of necessities! Even the

dogs came in for their share of the excitement. Up and down the streets, all sorts were being trained to harness. "Mush!" "Mush!" and a crack of the whip! A motley team dragging a sled on bare ground; later the malamute, supplanted them. Horses were shipped to Skagway or Dyce, and the poor animals, one after the other, went over the bluffs, a sacrifice. Happy the man whose life had trained him for the open. The bank clerk and the logger, side by side, boarded outgoing steamers. There was a look on their faces that we who saw will never forget.

There was gold in the Klondike and gold at Nome, and fortunes were made, but those who knew the hardships say that what was so eagerly sought was gained at a bitter cost.

CHAPTER XIV

THE NEW CENTURY—1900

Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be
As more of heaven in each we see.

JOHN KEBLE.

It is a new day—long since the birds have sung their matins—the dawn in rosy draperies is still hiding behind the snowy peaks of the Cascade Mountains. Lake Washington, all expectant, waits in the dim morn to reflect the mood of the overhanging sky. In stately grandeur, Mount Rainier, snowy and cold, is waiting, too; slowly—slowly—far to the south, look! Mount Rainier, 14,500 feet in the upper spaces, has caught the glow.

It is life—life—and the new day.

Life is more than fame or pleasure,
More than social place or treasure,
Life is not this selfish living,
But of self the constant giving
For the betterment of others;
Then, if life bring fame or treasure,
Social place or harmless pleasure,
'Twill but give an added joy
Other "talents" to employ
For the good of mankind brothers—
This is living
Life's true measure.

E. S. R.





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